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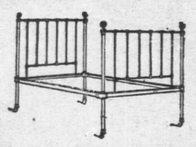

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REFERENCE: EDITOR OF TRANSCRIPT.

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CHAPTER I.

The girl was in the front room on the second floor peering through the blinds. From between the slats she had a view of the road as it wended across the meadow to the woods and again when it reappeared crossing the hill, a half mile away. It lay yellow and warm in the summer sunshine. From the long grasses of the meadow came the rhythmic click of the insects. Occasionally frogs in the hidden brook made a peculiar chug chug sound as if somebody throttled them. The leaves of the wood swung in gentle winds. Through the dark green branches of the vines that grew in the front yard could be seen the mountains far to the southeast and inexpressibly blue.

Mary's eyes were fastened upon the little streak of road that appeared on the distant hill. Her face was flushed with excitement, and the hand which stretched in a strained pose on the sill trembled because of the nervous shaking of the wrist. The pines whisked their green needles with a soft, hissing sound against the house.

At last the girl turned from the window and went to the head of the stairs. "Well, I just know they're coming anyhow!" she cried argumentatively to the depths.

A voice retorted with the shrillness and mechanical violence of occasional housewives. The girl swished her skirts defiantly and returned to the window.

Upon the yellow stream of road that lay across the hillside there now was a handful of black dots—horsemen. A cloud of dust floated away. The girl flew to the head of the stairs and whirled down to the kitchen.

"They're coming! They're coming!" It was as if she had cried "Fire!" Her mother had been peeling potatoes while seated comfortably at the table. She sprang to her feet. "No; it can't be. How you know it's them? Where?" The stubby knife fell from her hand, and two or three curls of potato skin dropped from her apron to the floor.

The girl turned and dashed up stairs. Her mother followed, gasping for breath and yet continuing to fill the air with questions, reproach and remonstrance. The girl was already at the window eagerly pointing. "There! There! See 'em! See 'em!"

Rushing to the window, the mother scanned for an instant the road on the hill. She crouched back with a groan. "It's them, sure as the world. It's them!" She waved her hands in despairing gestures.

The black dots vanished into the woods. The girl at the window was quivering, and her eyes were shining like water when the sun flashes. "Hush! They are in the woods. They'll be here directly." She bent down and intently watched the green archway from whence the road emerged. "Hush! I hear them coming," she swiftly whispered to her mother, for the elder woman had dropped dolefully upon the mattress and was sobbing. And indeed the girl could hear the quick, dull trample of horses. She stepped aside with sudden apprehension, but she bent her head forward in order to still scan the road.

"Here they are!"

There was something very theatrical in the sudden appearance of these men to the eyes of the girl. It was as if a scene had been shifted. The forest suddenly disclosed them, a dozen brown faced troopers in blue, galloping.

"Oh, look!" breathed the girl. Her mouth was puckered into an expression of strange fascination.

The little troop rode in silence. At its head was a youthful fellow with some dim yellow stripes upon his arm. In his right hand he held his carbine slanting upward, with the stock resting upon his knee. He was absorbed in a scrutiny of the country before him. At the head of the sergeant the rest of the squad rode in thin column with creak of leather and tinkle of steel and tin. The troopers glanced for a moment like casual tourists and then returned to their study of the region in front. The heavy thudding of the hoofs became a small noise. The dust hanging in sheets slowly sank.

The sobs of the woman on the bed took form in words which, while strong in their note of calamity, yet expressed a querulous mental reaching for some near thing to blame. "And it'll be lucky for us if we ain't both butchered in our sleep—plundering and running off horses—old Santo's gone—you see if he ain't—plundering"—

"But, ma," said the girl, perplexed and terrified in the same moment, "they've gone."

"Oh, but they'll come back!" cried the mother without pausing her wail "They'll come back—trust them for that—running off horses." She suddenly lifted herself and sat rigid, staring at her daughter. "Mary," she said in tragic whisper, "the kitchen door isn't locked." Already she was bent forward to listen, her mouth agape, her eyes fixed upon her daughter.

"Mother"— faltered the girl.

Her mother again whispered, "The kitchen door isn't locked." Motionless and mute, they stared into each other's eyes.

At last the girl quavered, "We better—we better go and lock it." The mother nodded. Hanging arm in arm, they stole across the floor toward the head of the stairs. A board of the floor creaked. They halted and exchanged a look of dumb agony.

At last they reached the head of the stairs. From the kitchen came the bass humming of the kettle and frequent sputterings and cracklings from the fire. These sounds were sinister. The mother and the girl stood incapable of movement. "There's somebody down there," whispered the older woman.

Finally the girl made a gesture of resolution. She twisted her arm from her mother's hands and went two steps downward. She addressed the kitchen, "Who's there?" Her tone was intended to be dauntless. It rang so dramatically in the silence that a sudden new panic seized them, as if the suspected presence in the kitchen had cried out to them. But the girl ventured again, "Is there anybody there?" No reply was made save by the kettle and the fire.

With a stealthy tread the girl continued her journey. As she neared the last step the fire crackled explosively and the girl screamed, but the mystic presence had not swept around the corner to grab her, so she dropped to a seat on a step and laughed. "It was—was only the fire," she said, stammering hysterically.

Then she arose with sudden fortitude and cried: "Why, there isn't anybody there. I know there isn't." She marched down into the kitchen. On her face was dread, as if she half expected to confront something, but the room was empty. She cried joyously: "There's nobody here. Come on down, ma!" She ran to the kitchen door and locked it.

The mother came down to the kitchen. "Oh, dear, what a fright I've had! It's given me the sick headache. I know it has."

"Ma," said the girl, coming from the window, "the barn door is open I wonder if they took old Santo."

"Of—of course they have—of course—Mary. I don't see what we are going to do! I don't see what we are going to do!"

The girl said, "Ma, I'm going to see if they took old Santo."

"Mary," cried the mother, "don't you dare!"

The girl had unlocked the door and stepped upon the porch. The mother cried in despair, "Mary!"

"Why, there isn't anybody out there," the girl called in response. She stood for a moment with a curious smile upon her face as of gleeful satisfaction at her daring.

The breeze was waving the boughs of the apple trees. A rooster with an air importantly courteous was conducting three hens upon a foraging tour. The girl swung impulsively from the little stoop and ran toward the barn.

The great door was open, and the carved pig, which usually performed the office of a catch, lay on the ground. The girl could not see into the barn because of the heavy shadows. She paused in a listening attitude and heard a horse munching placidly. She gave a cry of delight and sprang across the threshold. Then she suddenly shrank back and gasped. She had confronted three men in gray seated upon the floor, with their legs stretched out and their backs against Santo's manger. Their dust covered countenances were expanded in grins.

CHAPTER II.

As Mary sprang backward and screamed one of the calm men in gray, still grinning, announced, "I knowed you'd holler." Sitting there comfortably the three surveyed her with amusement.

Mary caught her breath, throwing her hand up to her throat. "Oh," she said, "you—you frightened me."

"We're sorry, lady, but couldn't help it no way," cheerfully responded another. "I knowed you'd holler when I seen you coming yere, but I raikined we couldn't help it no way. We hain't a-troubling this yere barn, I don't guess. We been doing some mighty tall sleeping yere. We done woke when them Yanks loped past."

"Where did you come from? Did—did you escape from the—the Yankees?" The girl still stammered and trembled.

The three soldiers laughed. "No'm'm. No'm'm. They never catch us. We was in a muss down the road yere about two mile. And Bill yere they gin it to him in the arm, kehpluck. And they pasted me thah too. Curious. And Sim yere, he didn't get nothing, but they chased us all quite a little piece, and we done lose track of our boys."

"Was it—was it those who passed here just now? Did they chase you?"

The men in gray laughed again. "What—them? No, indeedee. There was a mighty big swarm of Yanks and a mighty big swarm of our boys too. What—that little passel? No'm'm."

She became calm enough to scan them more attentively. They were much begrimed and very dusty. Their gray clothes were tattered. Splashed mud had dried upon them in reddish spots. It appeared, too, that the men had not shaved in many days. Of their hats there was a singular diversity—one soldier wore the little blue cap of the northern infantry, with corps emblem and regimental number still upon it; one wore a great brown slouch hat with a wide hole in the crown, and the other wore no hat at all. The left sleeve of one man and the right sleeve of another had been slit, and the arms were neatly bandaged with a clean cloth. "These hain't no more than two little cuts," explained one. "We stopped up yere to Mis' Heavitt's—she said her name was—and she bind them for us. Bill yere, he had the thirst come on him, and the fever too. We"—

Mary interrupted him without intention. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

The soldiers looked at each other, struck by some sudden and singular shame. They hung their heads. "No'm'm," replied one at last.

Santo in his stall was tranquilly chewing and chewing. Sometimes he looked benevolently over at them. He was an old horse, and there was something about his eyes and his forelock which created the impression that he wore spectacles. Mary went and patted his nose. "Well, if you are hungry I can get you something," she told the men, "or you might come to the house."

"We wouldn't dast go to the house," said one. "That passel of Yanks was only a scouting crowd most like—just an advance. More coming likely."

"Well, I can bring you something," cried the girl eagerly. "Won't you let me bring you something?"

"Well," said a soldier with embarrassment, "we hain't had much. If you could bring up a little snack like—just a snack, we'd"—

Without waiting for him to cease the girl turned toward the door, but before she had reached it she stopped abruptly. "Listen," she whispered. Her form was bent forward, her head turned and lowered, her hand extended toward the men in a command for silence.

They could faintly hear the thudding of many hoofs, the clank of arms and frequent calling voices.

"By cracky, it's the Yanks!" The soldiers scrambled to their feet and came toward the door. "I knowed that first crowd was only an advance."

The girl and the three men peered from the shadows of the barn. The view

Sitting there comfortably the three surveyed her with amusement.

of the road was intercepted by tree trunks and a little henhouse. However, they could see many horsemen streaming along the road. The horsemen were in blue.

"Oh, hide—hide—hide!" cried the girl, with a sob in her voice.

"Wait a minute," whispered a gray soldier excitedly. "Maybe they're going along by. No, by thunder, they hain't! They are halting! Scoot, boys!"

They made a noiseless dash into the dark end of the barn. The girl, standing by the door, heard them break forth an instant later in clamorous whispers. "Where'll we hide? Where'll we hide? There hain't a place to hide." The girl turned and glanced wildly about the barn. It seemed true. The stock of hay had grown low under Santo's endless munching and from occasional levyings by passing troopers in gray. The poles of the mow were barely covered, save in one corner, where there was a little bunch.

The girl espied the great feed box.

She ran to it and lifted the lid. "Here! Here!" she called. "Get in here!"

They had been tearing noiselessly around the rear part of the barn. At her low call they came and plunged at the box. They did not all get in at the same moment without a good deal of a tangle. The wounded men gasped and muttered, but they at last were flopped down on the layer of feed which covered the bottom. Swiftly and softly the girl lowered the lid and then turned like a flash toward the door.

No one appeared there, so she went closer to survey the situation. The troopers had dismounted and stood in silence by their horses. A gray bearded man, whose red cheeks and nose showed vividly above the whiskers, was strolling about with two or three others. They wore double breasted coats, and faded yellow sashes were wound under their black leather sword belts. The gray bearded soldier was apparently giving orders, pointing here and there.

Mary tiptoed to the feed box. "They've all got off their horses," she said to it. A finger projected from a knothole near the top and said to her very plainly, "Come closer." She obeyed, and then a muffled voice could be heard, "Scoot for the house, lady, and if we don't see you again, why, much obliged for what you have done."

"Goodby," she said to the feed box.

She made two attempts to walk dauntlessly from the barn, but each time she faltered and failed just before she reached the point where she could have been seen by the blue coated troopers. At last, however, she made a sort of a rush forward and went out into the bright sunshine.

The group of men, double breasted, wheeled in her direction at the instant. The gray bearded soldier came toward her. She stopped. She seemed about to run away, but the soldier doffed his little blue cap and looked amiable. "You live here, I presume?" he said.

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, we are obliged to camp here for the night, and as we've got two wounded men with us I don't suppose you'd mind if we put them in the barn."

"In—in the barn?"

He became aware that she was agitated. He smiled assuringly. "You need not be frightened. We won't hurt anything around here. You'll all be safe enough."

The girl balanced on one foot and swung the other to and fro in the grass. She was looking down at it. "But—but I don't think ma would like it if—if you took the barn."

The old officer laughed. "Wouldn't she?" said he. "That's so. Maybe she wouldn't." He reflected for a time and then decided cheerfully: "Well, we will have to ask her anyhow. Where is she—in the house?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "she's in the house. She—she'll be scared to death when she sees you."

"Will you go and ask her then?" said the soldier, always wearing a benign smile. "You go and ask her and then come and tell me."

When the girl pushed open the door and entered the kitchen, she found it empty. "Ma!" she called softly. There was no answer. The kettle was humming its low song. The knife and the curl of potato skin lay on the floor.

She went to her mother's room and entered timidly. The lonely aspect of the house shook her nerves. Upon the bed there was a confusion of coverings. "Ma!" called the girl, quaking in fear that her mother was not there to reply. But there was a sudden turmoil of the quilts, and her mother's head was thrust forth. "Mary," she cried in what seemed to be a supreme astonishment, "I thought—I thought"—

"Oh, ma," blurted the girl, "there's over 1,000 Yankees in the yard, and I've hidden three of our men in the feed box!" The elder woman, however, upon the appearance of her daughter had begun to thrash hysterically about on the bed and wailed.

"Ma," the girl exclaimed, "and now they want to use the barn, and our men in the feed box. What shall I do? Ma, what shall I do?"

Her mother did not seem to hear, so absorbed was she in her grievous flounderings and tears. "Ma," appealed the girl. "Ma."

For a moment Mary stood silently debating, her lips apart, her eyes fixed. Then she went to the kitchen window and peeped. The old officer and the others were staring up the road. She went to another window in order to get the proper view of the road and saw that they were gazing at a small body of horsemen approaching at a trot and raising much dust. Presently she recognized them as the squad which had passed the house earlier, for the young man with the dim yellow chevrons still rode at their head. An unarmed horseman in gray was receiving their close attention. As they came very near to the house she darted to the first window again. The gray bearded officer was smiling a broad smile of satisfaction. "So you got him?" he called out. The young sergeant sprang from his horse, and his brown hand moved in a salute. The girl could not hear his reply. She saw the unarmed horseman in gray stroking a very black mustache and looking about him coolly with an interested air. He appeared so indifferent that she did not understand he was a prisoner until she heard the graybeard call out: "Well, put him in the barn. He'll be safe there, I guess." A party of troopers moved with the prisoner toward the barn.

The girl made a sudden gesture of horror, remembering the three men in the feed box.

CHAPTER III.

Over in front of the barn three troopers sat talking comfortably. Their carbines were leaned against the wall. At their side and outlined in the black of the open door stood a sentry, his weapon resting in the hollow of his arm. Four horses saddled and accoutered were conferring with their heads together. The four bridle reins were flung over a post.

Mary had intended to go and tell the commander in blue that her mother did not wish his men to use the barn at all, but she paused when she heard him speak to the sergeant. She thought she perceived then that it mattered little to him what her mother wished and that an objection by her or by anybody would be futile. She saw the soldiers conduct the prisoner in gray into the barn, and for a long time she watched three chatting guards and the pondering sentry. Upon her mind in desolate weight was the recollection of the three men in the feed box.

It seemed to her that in a case of this description it was her duty to be a heroine. Plainly a heroine would take measures to rescue the four men. If she did not at least make an attempt, she would be false to those carefully constructed ideals which were the accumulation of years and dreaming.

But the situation puzzled her. There was the barn with only one door and with four armed troopers in front of this door, one of them with his back to the rest of the world engaged no doubt in a steadfast contemplation of the calm man and incidentally of the feed box. She knew, too, that even if she should open the kitchen door three heads, and perhaps four, would turn casually in her direction. Their ears were real ears.

One by one she saw the gorgeous contrivances and expedients of fiction fall before the plain homely difficulties of this situation. Sadly, ruefully, she thought of the calm man and of the contents of the feed box.

The sum of her invention was that she could sally forth to the commander of the blue cavalry, and, confessing to him that there were three of her friends and his enemies secreted in the feed box, pray him to let them depart unmolested. But she was beginning to believe the old graybeard to be a bear. It was hardly probable that he would give this plan his support. It was more probable that he and some of his men would at once descend upon the feed box and confiscate her three friends. The difficulty with her idea was that she could not learn its value without trying it, and then in case of failure it would be too late for remedies and other plans. She reflected that war made men very unreasonable.

All she could do was to stand at the window and mournfully regard the barn. She admitted this to herself with a sense of deep humiliation. She was not then made of that fine stuff, that mental satin, which enabled some other beings to be of such mighty service to the distressed. She was defeated by a barn with one door, by four men with eight eyes and eight ears—trivialities that would not impede the real heroine.

The vivid white light of the broad day began slowly to fade. Tones of gray came upon the fields and the shadows were of lead. In this more somber atmosphere the fires built by the troops down in the far end of the orchard grew more brilliant, becoming spots of crimson color in the dark grove.

The girl sat in the new gloom of the kitchen and watched. The soldiers lit a lantern and hung it in the barn. Its rays made the form of the sentry seem gigantic. Horses whinnied from the orchard. There was a low hum of human voices. Sometimes small detachments of troopers rode past the front of the house. The girl heard the abrupt calls of the sentries. She fetched some food and ate it from her hand, standing by the window. She was so afraid that something would occur that she barely left her post for an instant.

Once she felt that she had made her mind to reconnoiter at any rate. It was night. The lantern at the barn and the campfires made everything without their circles into masses of heavy mystic blackness. She took two steps toward the door, but there she paused. Innumerable possibilities of danger had assailed her mind. She returned to the window and stood wavering. At last she went swiftly to the door, opened it and slid noiselessly into the darkness.

For a moment she regarded the shadows. Down in the orchard the campfires of the troops appeared precisely like a great painting, all in reds upon a black cloth. The voices of the troopers still hummed. The girl started slowly off in the opposite direction. Her eyes were fixed in a stare. She studied the darkness in front for a moment before she ventured upon a forward step. Unconsciously her throat was arranged for a sudden scream. High in the tree branches she could hear the voice of the wind, a melody of the night, low and sad, the plaint of an endless incommunicable sorrow. Her own distress, the flight of the men in gray—these near matters as well as all she had known or imagined of grief—everything was expressed in this soft mourning of the wind in the trees.

At first she felt like weeping. This song told her of human impotency and doom. Then later the trees and the wind breathed strength to her, sang of sacrifice, of dauntless effort, of hard carven faces that did not blanch when duty came at midnight or at noon.

She turned often to scan the shadowy figures that moved from time to time in the light at the barn door. Once she trod upon a stick, and it flopped, crackling in the intolerable manner of all sticks. At this noise, however, the guards at the barn made no sign. Finally she was where she could see the knotholes in the rear of the structure gleaming like pieces of metal from the effect of the light within. Scarcely breathing in her excitement, she glided close and applied an eye to a knothole. She had barely achieved one glance at the interior before she sprang back shuddering.

The unconscious and cheerful sentry at the door was swearing away in flaming sentences, heaping one gorgeous oath upon another, making a conflagration of his description of his troop horse.

"Why," he was declaring to the calm prisoner in gray, "you ain't got a horse in your hull —— —— army that can run 40 rods with that there little mare."

As in the outer darkness Mary cautiously returned to the knothole the three guards in front suddenly called in low tones: "S-s-s-h. Quit, Pete, here comes the lieutenant." The sentry had apparently been about to resume his declamation, but at these warnings he suddenly posed in a soldierly manner.

A tall and lean officer with a smooth face entered the barn. The sentry saluted primly. The officer flashed a comprehensive glance about him. "Everything all right?"

"All right, sir."

This officer had eyes like the points of stilettos. The lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth were deep and gave him a slightly disagreeable aspect, but somewhere in his face there was a quality of singular thoughtfulness as of the absorbed student dealing in gen-

"You ain't got a horse."

eralities which was utterly in opposition to the rapacious keenness of the eyes which saw everything.

Suddenly he lifted a long finger and pointed. "What's that?"

"That? That's a feed box, I suppose."

"What's in it?"

"I don't know. I"—

"You ought to know," said the officer sharply. He walked over to the feed box and flung up the lid. With a sweeping gesture he reached down and scooped a handful of feed. "You ought to know what's in everything when you have prisoners in your care," he added, scowling.

During the time of this incident the girl had nearly swooned. Her hands searched weakly over the boards for something to which to cling. With the pallor of the dying she had watched the downward sweep of the officer's arm, which after all had only brought forth a handful of feed. The result was a stupefaction of her mind. She was astonished out of her senses at this spectacle of three large men metamorphosed into a handful of feed.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

If You Wish to Be Well

You must fortify your system against the attacks of disease. Your blood must be kept pure, your stomach and digestive organs in order, your appetite good. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to build you up, purify and enrich your blood and give you strength. It creates an appetite and gives digestive power.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

Hunston—"I'd like to go shooting to-morrow, if I could only get a dog that was well trained." Ethel—"Oh, I'll let you take Dottie, then? She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say her prayers, and do lots of things!"

Couldn't be Fooled Twice.

There is a fox terrior of remarkable intelligence installed as ruling factor in a very happy and harmonious household up town, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. One of the favorite amusements of the terrier is playing with a soft rubber ball. The other day a member of the family filled the soft ball with water. The terrier pounced upon the ball, chewed down on it, squirted the water down his throat and dropped the ball. After repeated efforts he emptied the ball of water and enjoyed his play. The next day he again found the ball full of water, and for a while seemed very disconsolate as he gazed sadly at the toy. He left it for a few minutes, and then, rushing at the ball, deliberately stepped upon it with one of his front feet and stood upon it until the water was all squeezed out.

He Learned.

There is one man in Washington who declares that if he can hereafter obtain information in any other way he will not ask questions. He is employed in one of the departments, and his duties consist mainly in ordering and buying furniture. While on his way to order a wire screen the other day he met a vender of rat-traps and other contrivances made of wire. As there are few places in the city where wire goods are made, he thought he had found a new factory. Stopping the man he asked: "Where did you get those traps?"

"Made 'em. Where did you suppose?" was the rather sullen reply.

"Where did you learn wire-working?"

The rat-trap vender looked at his questioner sharply, and promptly replied:

"Same place you did. Sing Sing."

The laugh of the bystanders still rings in the inquisitive man's ears.

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Our Woman's .....Column

THE DU MAURIER GIRL.

AM Weller, if you recollect, was fond of "pootiness and virtue.' I so agree with him! I adore them both, especially in women and children. I only wish that the virtue was as easy to draw as the pootiness.

But indeed for me—speaking as an artist, and also perhaps a little bit as a man—pootiness is almost a virtue in itself. I don't think I shall ever weary of trying to depict it, from its dawn in the toddling infant to its decline and setting and long twilight in the beautiful old woman, who has known how to grow old gradually. I like to surround it with chivalrous and stalwart manhood; and it is a standing grievance to me that I have to clothe all this masculine escort in coats and trousers and chimney-pot hats; worse than all, in the evening dress of the period!—that I cannot surround my divinity with a guard of honor more worthly arrayed!

Thus, of all my little piebald puppets the one I value the most is my pretty woman. I am as fond of her as Leech was of his; of whom, by-the-way, she is the granddaughter! This is not artistic vanity; it is pure paternal affection, and by no means prevents me from seeing her faults; it only prevents me from seeing them as clearly as you do!

Please be not very severe on her, for her grandmother's sake. Words fail me to express how much I loved her grandmother, who wore a cricket cap and broke Aunt Sally's nose seven times.

Will my pretty woman ever be all I wish her to be? All she ought to be? I fear not!—From "Social Pictorial Satire," by GEORGE DU MAURIER, in HARPER'S MAUAZINE for March.

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MIRRORS DO IT.

One of the most successful modistes in town owes her prosperity very largely to a scheme so simple it is strange that no one has ever thought of it before. It is as follows: The dressmaker establishment is in a double house—that is to say, one with rooms on either side of its hallway in the middle. One side is dedicated to one sort of customers, the fat; the other to another sort, the lean. No "plump" woman was ever known to pass beyond the portals leading to the side not intended for her, and "nosplyh" has ever yet been permitted to acquaint herself with the mysteries of the apartments consecrated to those of adipose figure. Of course, it is the mirrors. Every dressmaker has them of the two sorts, but not every dressmaker has been shrewd enough to keep the two so distinct and separate. The fat customer at this particular establishment sees herself on all sides in glasses that make her look like the sylph she isn't, while the living skeleton herself would present rounded contours if reflected by the magic mirrors lining the walls of the thin rooms. "Fat" and "thin" is the way the two sets of apartments are designated by the employes of the establishment. The audience room into which a brand new patron is ushered for the first time is without mirrors of any kind, and the first thing that Elise says to Celeste, when she announces the new arrival is: "Is she fat or thin?"

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WHAT TO WEAR IN MOURNING.

One of the most difficult problems in feminine dress is that of what to wear when in mourning, for there are almost as many gradations of black as there are wearers of that sombre hue.

With the progress of dress reform crepe is less worn than in former years, and the sight of a woman literally swathed in crepe is now rather the exception than the rule.

Widows, it is true, still retain their orthodox weeds for the prescribed year and a day, but after the first month the long veil, being found in most cases inimical to health, is removed for a shorter and lighter one.

The proper materials used for deep mourning are crepe cloth, nuns' veilings Henrietta cloth, dull silk and plain serge. Neither velvet or velveteen is ever worn in mourning, but satin, peau de soie and uncut velvet may be used for evening wear, with lisse, or chiffon as a garniture. Lace is entirely inappropriate, and is as much out of place as are ostrich feathers, colored gems, or indeed, any jewelery, except pearls.

A suitable gown for what the French call "a little dinner," is of plain grenadine over silk, with dull ribbons and frills of lisse or chiffon. Little boleros of crepe, edged with dull silk balls, are very useful to put on over a silk blouse of plain silk, and many of the fancy collars can be copied in crepe and lisse, and are most useful to vary the toilette.

The Middletown Transcript

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., FEB. 26, 1898.

Local News.

—Read our story on first page.

—Does your son swear? Read the article on "Boys Profanity."

Every body uses Bragdon's Poultry Remedy, it cures; 25 cents.

—FOR SALE.—Apply at this office. Drop Foot Carriage in good order.

—New Upright Piano for sale cheap.
J. B. MESSICK.

—Archdeacon Hall will preach in St. Anne's Church next Wednesday evening.

—WANTED.—Operators on Shirts. Apply to F. H. Burgess at Factory.

—Call at Trinklerie,s studio and have your photographs taken; cheapest and best.

—On and after Tuesday next the Wilmington "Morning News" will be one cent.

—FOR SALE—Chestnut posts and rails. Apply to George Buckwith, St. Augustine, Md.

—House I now occupy for Rent. Possession December 1st. J. B. MESSICK.

—THE BEST of job work is done at the TRANSCRIPT office at popular prices. Call and see specimens of our work.

—FOR RENT.—One Dwelling on Main street and two in the rear.
MISS FANNIE SHEPHERD.

—FOR RENT.—The house occupied by Jas. K. O'Neill, on East Main street.
G. E. HUKILL.

—Remember that J. F. McWhorter & Son have a full line of carriages and agricultural Implements on hand

—Do you want to be hypnotized? Go to the Opera House next Friday night. See ad.

—"Getting close to Christ," Luke 10:38 42; John 17:20-26 is the Christian Endeavor topic at 6.45 to-morrow evening.

It's folly, to lose your poultry when the use of Bragdon's Poultry Remedy is guaranteed to you for 25 cents.

—Lloyd Strawberry, the most prolific and popular to date plants for sale at one half market price.
H. W. Viven, Bridgeville, Del.

—GIRL WANTED.—Respectable white girl about fourteen to do housework for smal family in town. Good home,
Apply at this office.

—The Rev. W. J. Wilkie preached in Trinity Church Clayton, last evening. On Tuesday next he has an appointment at Newark.

—Bishop Coleman has announced his confirmation appointments. He is to visit St. Anne's, Middletown, on the first Sunday in May.

—The Guy Brothers gave a good minstrel show in the Opera House on Thursday evening. How does it pay for twenty-eight people to travel from town to town?

—See our *Cook Stoves and Ranges*, medium size, large or small. All at surprising low prices, and yet ten per cent off for cash. MIDDLETOWN HARDWARE HOUSE.

—Now is the time for weddings and parties, and the place to get handsome invitations printed cheap is at the TRANSCRIPT office. Our prices are less than half the city engravers charge.

—President McKinley's address at the Commercial Museum in Philadelphia was reported (by appointment) by a graduate of Goldey (Wil. Del.) Commercial and horthand. Send for Catalogue

FOR SALE.—The house known as Mifflin House on South Broad St., also the S. M. Reynolds House. These are both first class properties and will be sold cheap. Apply to G. W. INGRAM.

—Advantages of LeGore's Combination of Lime above others are, it acts quicker asts longer, takes less per acre. For State analysis and scientific test, testimonials, prices, &c, address, J. W. LeGore, Woodsboro, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.—Dr. W. E. Barnard Surgeon Dentist, office same location, opposite the post office. All operations pertaining to dentistry guaranteed. Odontunder and Gas for painless extracting.

—FOR SALE.—A fine farm of 74 acres, 15 acres woodland, nice dwelling, good granary and stables, orchard and vineyard, not far from water and rail facilities. Terms easy at private sale. Inquire at TRANSCRIPT office

—Teach self denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

—Good resolutions are like vines, a mass of beauty when supported on a frame of good deeds, but very poor things when allowed to lie unheeded untrained on the ground.

—Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Taylor buried their four year old son at Harve de Grace this week. The primary trouble was said to be eating too many peanuts Parents cannot be too careful. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have the sympathy of many friends.

—Forks, Shovels, Spades, Axes, Rope Traces, Chain Traces, Hames, Curry Combs, Horse Brushes, Farm Bells, Grindstones and all other kinds of Hardware, Tin Ware and Wooden Ware suited to the season at "way down prices," at
MIDDLETOWN HARDWARE HOUSE.

—Nothing better than oyster shells for good roads. If the road commissioners would follow the example of the railroad authorities at the depot in putting out a few shells they could make good roads.

—On Sunday last the remains of William Adams were brought from the shores of the Chesapeake near here and on Monday were sent to Montgomery, Pa., where in November last he was drowned off a ferry boat in a storm. The body had drifted 200 miles.

—Very successful and interesting revival services have just closed at Trinity A. M. E. Church. It having been in progress for the past four weeks, resulting in twenty-one conversions, and quite an awakening upon the part of many who had become very lukewarm.

—Mr. James L. Smith, who about two years ago purchased the Hayes Farm just north of town and has done so much to improve it, has sold the farm to Mr. Alex Maxwell who owns the adjoining farm. The Hayes farm is seeded to wheat and grass, all of it, and the prospect is for a fine harvest in July. The consideration paid was, $4,000.

—The Wilmington Sunday Herald says: One of the most enormous hogs ever raised in Delaware and probably the largest of the swine species ever seen in Wilmington, arrived in town yesterday morning, having been purchased by Proprietor Edward Krause, of the Western Hotel. The hog weighed 1180 pounds before he left his home pen, on Nathan Cook's farm at Woodside, Del. He lost eighty pounds on the journey of fifty-eighth miles in a farm wagon, from Woodside to Wilmington. Then, too, the roads were heavy and when the ponderous Poland China reached Fourth and Orango streets, he was completely fagged out from the haul. The hog is black and is about the size of the rhinocerous shown at the Zoological Gardens, in Philadelphia.

—Town election, Monday March 7; see posters.

—An enchange gets off the following: "If men are the salt of the earth, women are undoubtedly the sugar. Salt is necessary—sugar is luxury. Vicious men are saltpeter, stern men are rock salt, nice men are table salt. Old maids are brown sugar, good-natured matrons the loaf sugar, and the pretty girls the fine pulverized sugar. Pass the pulverized sugar, please."

—The Levy Court this week elected the following officers: Trustees of the Poor—Thomas T. Weldin, Brandywine hundred: Alfred P. Crockett, St. Georges hundred: George M. D. Hart, Appoquinimink hundred; Andrew W. Webster, Blackbird hundred. Thomas L. Scott was elected janitor, John F. Campbell, fireman; James Riley, night watchman, and Horace V. Frist, clock regulator.

—The entertainment given at the Academy last Friday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Mite Society of the Presbyterian Church was well attended although the evening was very disagreable. Recitations were given by Master Rossiter McCrone and sisters, instrumental selections by Misses Lena Pleasanton, Anna Talbot and Stella Cochran and vocal selections by Misses Mabel and Grace Parvis, Mary Maxwell, Will Beaston, Mr. George Rowe and Prof. Grimm. The silver offering at the door netted the society something over six dollars.

—At the New Century Club yesterday the constitution was read for information. Two members were received. Honorary members, ladies, will be admitted; dues, $3.00. The President read some parliamentary rules. Mrs. Chas. Derrickson read an article on the "Maine;" Mrs. T. H. Gilpin read a paper on "Curfew Ordinance;" Mrs. Chamberlaine read an article on "Zola;" Mrs. Conwell read a clipping on the "Jews in France"; Mrs. Kennedy read a clipping on the same subject; Miss Ellison read from Youth's Companion. The program for March 4th is: Character sketch of Sienkiencz—Mrs. Conwell; Attitude of Roman Emperors towards Christianty—Miss Rothwell; Review of Quo Vadis—Mrs. W. P. Biggs; Historical accuracy of the novel and woman's position in it—Mrs. Bordley.

—The special services which have been held during the week in the Forest Presbyterian Church, are increasing in interest. They will be continued every evening of next week excepting Saturday evening, and the following clergymen are expected to be present and preach: On Tuesday evening the Rev. W. C. Rommel, of Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening the Rev. H. O. Gibbons D. D. of Philadelphia; Thursday evening the Rev. W. Fitzsimons, of Zion, Md.; Friday evening the Rev. J. S. Turner, of Dover. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered on Sunday morning, March 6th. The preparatory service will be held on next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and the session will meet immediately after this service and also on Sunday morning at 10.15 o'clock to receive those desiring to unite with the church.

—It pays to advertise. By advertising the officials of the M. E. Church have sold their old pipe organ which is to be replaced with a new one. The organ was sold to parties in Ferndale, California, the most extreme western town of this country. The organ was advertised in the TRANSCRIPT. Is not that a feather in the TRANSCRIPT's cap? No; because it was not sold through the TRANSCRIPT's agency. An ad. in the "Christian Advocate" sold it. It pays to advertise judiciously. If parties in Delaware or the adjoining counties of Maryland had wanted the organ the TRANSCRIPT might have sold it but it was wise to use the "Advocate" in this instance; it would be foolish to use the "Advocate" to sell dress goods, groceries, farms, &c. in around Middletown. It pays to advocate judicuously. Mr. John Brown of Wilmington will build the new organ.

PERSONALITIES

Little Lines About Men and Women and What They Are Doing.

(If you have been away on a visit, or have visitors at your home send us the news, send it early. What may seem of no interest to you, may be pleasing to some one else. We are always pleased to publish any items of personal or local mention and cordially invite our patrons to furnish us the facts.)

—Mr. Samuel Kelley spent Sunday with his parents in town.

—Miss Helen Clayton is vising Miss Emma Jones in York, Pa.

—Mr. Corbit Nsudain, of Philadelphia, was in town on Tuesday.

—Mrs. Nina Scott, of Townsend, is the guest of Miss Maud Smith.

—Mrs. M. N Willits has returned from a visit to Washington, D. C.

—Miss Helen M. Covington is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. E. Barnard.

—Miss Lida McNamee of Elk Neck is visiting her aunt Mrs. Annie Griffith.

—Miss Neosha Collins spent Sunday with her brother, Mr. James Collins, near town.

—Miss Susie Ellison spent several days the first of the week with Mrs. S. S. Holten on Cass St.

—Mrs. Ella Cochran who has been visiting friends in Baltimore returned home on Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. George T. French, of Chicago, are visiting the father and sister of Mr. French

—Miss May Holten who has been visiting friends in Philadelphia for several week is expected home today.

—Miss Viola Ennis left town on Tuesday for an indefinite time visiting friends in Chester and Philadelphia while away.

—Miss Adda Foard returned home on Monday from an extended visit with friends in New York and Pennsylvania.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Wise, of New Castle, have been spending the week with the former's sister, Mrs. Virginia Massey.

—Mrs. Annie Pennington who has been spending the winter in Asheville, North Carolina, returned home on Wednesday.

—Mrs. R. B. McKee and daughter Miss Alethia McKee who have been visiting friends in Baltimore for two weeks returned home today.

—Mr. John Solmon, of the South, who has not been in this section for several years, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. T. H. Armstrong.

—Mrs. Bolden and Mr. George Ennis spent the 22nd with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ennis, on Cass St. Mr. Eunis completed his four-score on that day, his children being here in honor of the occasion.

—Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McCoy. of "Crystal Run" entertained a number of friends at a six o'clock dinner on Saturday evening. There present: Dr. and Mr. J. C. McCoy, of New York; Miss Frances MacNair, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Julius W. Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuckert, Mrs. J. B. Cazier, Mrs. R. T. Cann, Jr, Mrs. T. H. McCoy, Mrs. L. Boulden, Mr. Pearce Cann:

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuckert, of St. Georges, entertained a number of friends at a "Eucheur" on Thursday evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Janvier, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Poole, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Bright, Mr. and Mrs R. T. Cann, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McCoy, Mr. and. Mrs. Wm. M. Stuckert, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sutton. Mrs. J. B. Cazier, Mrs. James Foard, Mr. Clayton Reilly.

THE MAINE.

The blowing up of the battleship Maine, at Havana last week was a sad disaster to the navy, as we have no vessels of her class to spare. It is urged that her loss should be replaced as speedily as possible, even if this has to be done by purchase Congress is fully alive to the importance of the case, and may be depended upon to do what is best, all things considered. The Maine disaster may lead to Congress ordering two new battleships, a very proper thing to do under the circumstances.

The investigation into the disaster by the Government Court of Inquiry still continues and the American people impatiently await its findings. Nothing has been made public, as yet, but the latest dispatches from Havana state that Consul-General Lee has quietly warned Americans to leave the city in anticipation of possible trouble.

Capt. Sigsbee who commanded the Maine is a model of coolness and courage. All reports agree that during the terrible excitement, which was enough to unnerve the strongest man, he acted with perfect coolness and retained his presence of mind as if such a thing were of every day occurance. If all the battleships are in command of such men as this, the United States Navy is in good hands.

Senator Hale, speaking of the disaster to the Maine, has very succinctly stated facts of the gravest importance. He said: "A battleship is little less than a volcano under the most favorable circumstances, and when legislating for the increase of the navy I always feel that a war vessel may prove to be almost as dangerous to those on board as to those whom it might engage in hostile conflict." And yet, adds an esteemed contemporary, we must have a navy, and if we have a navy we must have a good one. There should be no half way work in matters of this kind. What is done should be done thoroughly, abundantly and well. We may not want a navy in a century, but when we do want it we want it badly.

KENT COUNTY.

Senator Foreaker, of Ohio, whose father was born on Bombay Hook Island about 90 years ago will soon visit that locality. The Senator's father now lives in Ohio.

Leipsic had a funeral Sunday, Mrs. Wodall, wife of George Wodall, age 25 years, and two deaths—Capt. John H. Fleming, age 66 years, and Mrs. Hopkins, wife of Thomas Hopkins, age 55 years.

Miss Emma Short who formerly resided in Middletown and Mr. Eugene Meredith were quietly married last Wednesday evening, at the bride's home on Smyrna avenue, Clayton, which had been nicely arranged for them. They were married by the Rev. H. M. Thurlow, and were attended by Miss Fannie Short, sister of the bride and Mr. Herman Sevil. There were present only the immediate family.

On Sabbath last Wesley M. E. Church at Dover was re-opened about $8,000 having been spent in repairs during the past six months. Dr. S. F. Beiler, Vice Chancellor of the American University, preached morning and evening. Rev. T. E. Terry, a former pastor preached in the afternoon. The finances were in the hands of Dr. W. L. S. Murray, another former pastor, and the full amount of indebtedness was raised. Presiding Elder Adams had charge of the dedicatory services. The pastor, Rev. Alfred Smith, D. D., and the people were very happy at the result. Dr. Smith should have recourse to damage suits against some of the papers for the miserable cuts of himself presented.

MY MARYLAND.

The bill to regulate the practice of pharmacy in this state has been carefully drafted by a committee appointed for that purpose, of which Mr. E. M. Forman, of Centreville, is chairman, and strong arguments in favor of its passage will be presented to the legislature. It does not work a hardship to the counties, and some who are unacquainted with its provisions have argued, but it is generally conceded to be a liberal bill, and it is also conceded that there is need of very strict laws in regard to the handling and of drugs by incompetent persons. Mistakes made by them very often end in death. Such laws as the proposed are in operation in other states, and guarantee to the people a protection which is otherwise impossible.

SENATOR STEWART.

The election on Monday to fill the vacancy in the State Senate caused by the death of Senator R. J. Hanby was a quiet affair and a walk over for the Republicans. The vote was only about a third of that cast at the last election. It was as follows:

	Stewart R.	Weldin D.	Haughey Silver	Brown P.
First ward.....	67	63	63	1
Second.....	138	35	105	—
Third	146	153	65	—
Fourth.....	175	64	82	1
Fifth.....	457	177	44	38
Sixth.....	246	79	32	2
Seventh.—East	341	56	6	2
West	359	134	54	2
Eiguth.....	285	46	138	1
Ninth	259	31	127	—
Tenth	160	138	148	3
Eleventh.....	77	49	85	—
Twelfth	198	92	43	—
Totals city....	2903	1117	992	15
Brandywi'e hd	106	52	1	—
Christiana....	180	17	40	—
Mill Creek....	131	33	22	—
White Clay cr.	114	32	35	—
Pencader	65	38	—	—
New Castle ..	186	43	124	—
Red Lion	112	54	2	—
St. Georges ..	142	175	16	—
Appoquinimink	119	46	63	4
Blackbird—No election held.				
Totals, county	1155	490	303	4
City and co'ty	4058	1607	1295	19
Plurality.....	2451			
Majority.....	1137			
Total vote....	6979			

CURRENT EVENTS.

Government statisticians estimate that more money has already gone into the Klondike region than has come out of it. In that, as in other gold fields, about four out of every six men who invest in the lottery draw blanks. The same results followed the discovery of gold in California. Very few of the forty-niners made fortunes.

The war between the department stores and the newspapers of Denver, caused by the refusal of the dailes to reduce their advertising rates on demand, was the direct result of a "combine" of the department stores, a most unfortunate and filly-advised moved by them, since it fanned in a flame the gradually increasing public prejudice against these concentrating and competition slaughtering institutions. The Denver agitation extend all over the State and caused a general boycott by all lines of business and occupations against the department store trust. The last things the department stores ought to try to swallow up are the buzz-saws which shape public opinion.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about as much as coffee! 15 and 25c.

BOGGS RETURNS.

DEFAULTING TELLER OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK SURRENDERS.

William N. Boggs, the defaulting teller of the First National Bank of Dover, is in New Castle jail, he having surrendered to Marshal Short in the Federal building on Saturday. On his information, and on affidavits made by Harry A. Richardson, president of the looted Dover bank, Colonel Ezekiel T. Cooper, of Milford; Thomas S. Clark and Charles H. Butler, of Dover, and Amos Cole, a former sheriff of Kent county, but now in the insurance business in Wilmington, were taken into custody, and, after a preliminary hearing, were released on bail. They are charged with aiding and abetting Boggs in the stealing of the bank's funds. Cooper, it is charged, received $23,000; and his bail was fixed at $10,000, Joseph L Carpenter, Jr, becoming his security. Clark's share of the money is said to have been $4000, and he was held in $6000, his bondsman being Samuel W. Hall. Butler, who it is said, received $181, was required to furnish $2000 bail, Samuel W. Hall also going on his bond. Cole is charged with receiving $1,420.63, and his bond of $2500 was vouched for by Harry Ramsburger.

It was exactly 10.30 o'clock on Saturday morning when William N. Boggs, the defaulting teller of the First National Bank of Dover, entered the room of the United States Marshal John Cannon Short in the Federal building. He was accompanied by his brother, Walter M. Boggs of Philadelphia, Harry A. Richardson, the president of the First National Bank of Dover, and Francis Shunk Brown, the attorney of Mr. Richardson. The Marshal was sitting talking to a number of deputies when the party arrived. Marshal Short did not know Boggs, but he knew Messrs. Richardson and Brown, and he at once suspected that they had come to the office to surrender Boggs. For this reason Marshal Short was not as much surprised as he would otherwise have been.

When the party entered the office Mr. Brown said:

"Marshall Short, this is William N. Boggs, who desires to surrender himself to you."

Boggs merely nodded his head when this remark was made by Mr. Brown, and the party walked into the room of the grand jury, where preliminary hearings are generally held by United States Commissioner S. R. Smith. Here Boggs remained for some time talking with the party in whose company he came into the office.

Shortly after Boggs had surrendered himself the other men who had been arrested were brought in by the deputy United States Marshals. Boggs remained there for a time and then, the crowd getting rather large, he was taken to the room of the District Attorney, where he remained with Messrs. Richardson and Brown until he was later given a preliminary hearing and committed to New Castle jail.

Crowds waited to hear the hearing of Boggs, but in this they were disappointed. The hearing was heard in the office of the District Attorney and was private. Francis Shunk Brown stated that Mr. Boggs desired a continuance of the case until such time as was satisfactory to the District Attorney and this was granted. He made no mention of bail, having decided that it was better to go to jail at once. It is not expected that he will ask for bail. Boggs was charged with the violation of Section No. 5209 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which is as follows:

"Every president, director, cashier, teller, clerk, or agent, of any association, who embezzles, abstracts or wilfully misapplies any of the moneys, funds or credits of the association, or who without authority, from the directors issues or puts in a circulany of the notes of the association, or who without such authority issues or puts forth any certificate of deposit, draw any order or bill of exchange, makes any acceptance, assignes any note, bond, draft, bill of exchange, mortgage, judgment or decree, or who makes any false entry in any book, report or statement of the association, with an intent in either case to injure or defraud the association or any company, body politic or corporate, or any individual, or to deceive any officer of the association or any agent appointed to examine the affairs of any such association and every person who with like intent, aids or abets any officer, clerk or agent, in any violation of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdeamer shall be imprisoned not less than five years nor more than ten.

After Boggs had been held, his dinner was served in the same room, and he remained there with his brother and the attaches of the Marshal's office until late in the afternoon, when he was taken to New Castle jail by Deputy Marshal James H Clark. He was accompanied to New Castle by his brother.

The crime of William N. Boggs has excited more attention in this State than any which was ever committed. Boggs was considered an unusually bright boy and he grew into a bright man. He secured a position in the First National Bank of Dover, and in a few years was made the teller. He enjoyed the confidence of nearly every one in Dover, and such men as the Hon. George V. Massey, Harry A. Richardson, Manlove Hayes, the late N. B. Smithers, and others were his friends, and took more than a usual interest in him.

On May 29 Boggs left Dover. He had chosen his time well. Cashier Bateman had gone to Claymont. The next day was Sunday, and the following day was Memorial Day, which was a legal holiday. Cashier Bateman expected Boggs back on Tuesday, but he was not there. No one knew where he was. On the following day Mrs. Boggs received a letter from her husband which was written upon the paper of a New York hotel in which he stated that he had taken the funds of the bank and nothing remained for him but death. On Thursday the directors of the bank gave out a statement to the effect that Boggs was short in his accounts. The amount at that time was supposed to be about $39,000. As soon as this was announced there was a run on the bank which was promply stopped by the action of President Richardson of the bank, who, though he owned but $1000 worth of Stock, offered to insure the deposits. This stopped the run on the bank, and later Mr. Richardson received a letter of congratulation from Comptroller of the Currency Eckles.

When Boggs left Dover it is believed he was short in his accounts experts were also put to work on the books of the bank. They found that the total of Boggs' shortage was $107,000. The American Surety Company, which was on the official bond of Boggs for the amount of 1000, paid it, and the Hon. George V. Massey and several others who were on a previous bond for a like amount, paid that. This reduced the loss of the bank to $86,000 by the defalcation. This was made up by reducing the capital stock of the bank from $100,000 to $50,000 and losing the surplus. The force of the bank was then reorganized and the bank began work anew.

There were some things about the investigation of the experts which aroused the suspicions of Mr. Richardson, the president of the bank, and at his request the board of directors passed a resolution authorizing Mr. Richardson to employ counsel. On June 2 he engaged Francis Shunk Brown, of Philadelphia, who is a friend of the bank president and a former resident of Dover. Mr. Brown at once went to work.

When Boggs left Dover it is believed that he went directly South. It is generally accepted that Boggs went directly to New Orleans. According to the statement of those who should know, Boggs had never been out of this country. There have been some people who knew where he was for the communication which were sent to him were sent through a third party. He has never been out of the country, but will not say himself whether he has been out of the country or not. Francis Shunk Brown, who probably knows as much about the matter as any one else, says that he does not believe that Boggs has been out of the jurisdiction of the United States.

The hearing of Boggs and the four men implicated will take place to-day in Wilmington.

There was a surprise in store for Boggs at Sheriff Flinn's residence, adjoining the New Castle jail, on Monday, when Mrs. Boggs brought their two-months-old baby boy, and the little girl about four years old, and the little boy, aged about six, to see their father. Walter Boggs, a son, and another child of the teller, did not come, being sick at the home of his grandmother in Dover. The meeting was an affectionate one.

Mrs Boggs told her husband nothing about her plan to bring the children. Early Monday morning she went to Wilmington with Sheriff Flinn, and after doing some shopping returned to New Castle, accompanied by Chief Warden Pierce Gould, of the jail.

After a short stay Mrs Boggs took an early afternoon train for Dover, and returned almost immediately, accompanied by her mother Mrs. C. B. Hope and the children. The father was greatly surprised. The little flaxen, curly-headed four-year-old girl was the first to recognize him, and ruched into her father's arms, exclaiming: "Oh! papa; I am so glad to see you, and that you have come back." Tears were in the defaulter's eyes as he gently picked up the little one and kissed her again and again.

"You are going to stay with us now, aren't you?" and the father made no answer. The little boy also recognized his father instantly, and Boggs fondled and petted him. The child said:

"Papa, you have come back. Tell us about where you have been since you have been away."

Boggs, however, simply took the lad on his knee and gently caressed his curly locks.

After the father had also fondled and kissed the baby, he was informed by the Sheriff and Mrs. Flinn that the family might remain as their guests as long as they pleased, and that Boggs need not not go into a cell, but should remain in the Sheriff's residence.

Mrs. Boggs, while in Wilmington, said: "I went to New Castle to remain close to my husband in his hour of adversity. His love of his family and his desire to see justice done caused him to answer my entreaties to return.

"He is still nervous, but I hope he will soon recover his normal condition. Yes, I am glad that Will is back. The sooner it is over with the better, and he can start life anew."

DELAWARE CITY.

Mrs. John Cairns is criticelly ill.

Mr. S. D. Townsend has returned.

Miss Hannah Swan is visiting her mother.

Mr. Roy Keane visited his parents this week.

Rev. L. A. Oates is expected home on Saturday.

Mr. H. C. Clark spent Sunday in Philadelphia.

Miss S. Roberts has been visiting in Philadelphia.

Miss Agnes Vail spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. John Hoodner spent Tuesday in Philadelphia.

Miss Emma Fremp has returned to Philadelphia.

Mr. H. Connelly, of Wilmington, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Fred Morris, of Philadelphia, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Richard T. Cann, of Kirkwood, was in town on Monday.

Mr. F. T. Eagle, of New Castle, was in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. George Haeffer and son have returned to Philadelphia.

Miss Bessie Emerson, of Frederica, has been visiting Miss Nan Sadler.

Mrs. George Foard spent last week with her mother, near McDonough.

Mrs. Frank Reynolds has returned from a visit to friends in Philadelphia.

Miss J. W. J. Marley was an over Sunday visitor to friends in Philadelphia.

Miss Helen Price, of Middletown, spent a few days with Miss Berenice Keane.

Miss Agnes Hillman, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Miss Ethel Reybold.

Mrs. Martha Byles, of Philadelphia, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Julia Brewer.

Miss Eva Sutton, of St. Georges, visited her sister, Mrs. George N. Bright, this week.

Mrs. Clarence Poole was entertained this week by her sister, Mrs. George N. Bright.

The young men of Delaware City gave a dance in Assembly Hall on Monday evening.

Mr. Rose has moved his store from the Carter house to the building owned by A. Swan.

Mrs. S. McClain and Mrs. George W. Robinson, of Philadelphia, were in town on Thursday.

Miss B. Wamsley, of Middletown, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. William Anderson, this week.

Mr. H. Moore has returned from Philadelphia, none the worse for his experience on the Ericcson.

William Blunt a well known and highly respected aged colored man, is ill, beyond any hope of recovery.

The members of the Loyal Legion were entertained by several of the W. C. T. U. ladies on Wednesday. Ice cream and cake were served.

The Misses Clark of Greenlea, who have been visiting the Misses Jackson in Wilmington left on Wednesday for Little Rock, Arkansas.

Washington's birthday was celebrated on Monday by exercises at the school house. The principal, Mr. Wilkerson, made an address suitable to the occasion.

A memorial service to Miss Frances Willard was held in the M. E. Church on Sunday evening. The pastor, Rev. H. S. Thompson paid a glowing tribute to her life and work.

Mr. Thomas O'Neil has received a letter from his son Thomas who accompanied Dr. McDowell to Klondike. The letter was dated from Vancowver, stating their intention to start the next day for Dyes then to Dawson City.

The long illness of Francis Drake Dunlap resulted in death on Monday night. Quietly and gently the dread visitor claimed him for his own, while beside him waited and watched the sorrowing wife and children, also his brothers, Joseph S. and Martin B. Dunlap, and his nephews, Frederick and Benjamin Downs. About nine o'clock he ceased to breathe. He was well known, having resided in the town all his life. He was warm hearted, impulsive and generous, ever ready to do a kindness for a fellow creature. The funeral took place on Thursday. Services were held at the house, Rev. H. S. Thompson officiating. Interment in Delaware City Cemetery. The Jr. O. U. A. M. of which he was a member, attended the funeral in a body and the remains were wrapped in the American flag. A large number of relatives and friends attended also. Mr. Dunlap was a lineal descendant of the old family of Stidhams of Wilmington. His paternal grandmother was the daughter of Capt. Joseph Stidham of the Revolutionary army.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positive ly cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Vaughan's Pharmacy, Middletown, Delaware.

Boys' Profanity.

Swearing going out of vogue? asks the Hartford "Times." We wish it were. But anybody who goes much among the people of this country, and especially, one who listens to the conversation of the young men in our city streets, knows that profane swearing is exceedingly common. In fact there seems to be more youngsters than ever before who cannot utter three consecutive sentences without one or more oaths. It grieves us to say that this is not true only of the big cities, or of the cities of the West and South. It is true of the New England city and town. One cannot help knowing this who rides in smoking cars on our railroads, or waits in railroad stations or listens to the conversation of the sporty youths of the period, whereby two or three of them are gathered together.

It is a melancholy fact that there are hundreds if not thousands of youngsters in every American city who are habitual and incessant swearers. Our observation is that there are a great many more than there were a quarter of a century ago. Profanity of speech by men in public places accompanied by rude and boorish disregard of the feelings of strangers who may be unwilling and disgusted listeners to their vile conversation has become a crying nuisance in this country. Is there any man or woman of refinement who is compelled to travel much in the United States who will not assent to this statement?

It is a sign, and of course, an unlovely sign, of the growing national tendency to nervousness and worry. Excessive mental pertubation, readiness to be annoyed at trifles, precipitancy of judgment and expression, violence of speech, all these things go together. That profanity increases among boys is simply a sign that it increases among their elders. We are reaching an age wherein about everything done by a man is done by a boy.—Philadelphia Press

To-Night and To-Morrow Night.

And each day and night during this week you can get at any druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 25c. and 50c. Sample bottle free.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kem 's Balsam for the Throa and Lungs. It is curing more Cougis Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle *Free* to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Price 25c. and 50c.

MIDDLETOWN MARKETS

PRODUCE.

Creamery Butter, lb	25c
Country Butter, lb	20@ 22c
Eggs, doz	14@15c
Lard, lb	8c
Potatoes	35@38
Spring chickens	8@10
Apples per basket	100c

GRAIN.

Wheat, No. 1, bus	95c
Wheat, No. 2, bus	92c
Timothy Seed, bus	1 80
Clover Seed, bus	5 50
Corn, yellow, bus	30c
Corn, cob, bus.	30c
Oats, bus.	23c

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

LOAN NOTICE!

The stated annual meeting of the Odessa Loan Association, of Odessa, Del., will be held at the Academy,

On Monday, Feb. 28th, 1898,

at 7 o'clock P. M.,

At which time a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, will be elected to serve one year and three (3) Directors to serve three years.

Also, at the same time Stock in the 14th Series will be for sale.

L. V. ASPRIL, JR., Secretary.

Executor's Sale
—OF—
Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle County, made the Sixteenth day of February, A. D., 1898, will be exposed to sale at public vendue, on

Wednesday, March 23d, 1898,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

on the premises, the following described real estate, late of Sarah Ann Howell, deceased, to wit:

All that certain lot of land, situate in Middletown, in New Castle County aforesaid, on the north side of Main street, bounded on the east by land of Bessie and Addie Foard, on the north and west by land of Gideon E. Hukill, and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling and store.

And it is ordered by the Court that the said executor make return of his proceedings, in the execution of this order, to the March Term of the Orphans' Court for said County, to be held at Wilmington, on Monday the 28th day of March, A. D., 1898.

Attendance will be given and terms made known by CHARLES H. HOWELL, Executor,
or by MARTIN B. BURRIS, Esq., his Attorney.

Attest: COLEN FERGUSON, Clerk Orphans' Court.

FARMERS.

Delaware College

Offers a Winter Course of instruction in topics pertaining to Agriculture and Horticulture, beginning Tuesday, January 4th. Tuition Free. Circular describing the Course sent free to every one applying to

GEO A. HARTER, President,
or W. H. BISHOP,
Professor of Agriculture
Newark, Del.

OPERA HOUSE.
Middletown, - Delaware,
FRIDAY EVENING,
March 4th, '98

Novel and Original Double Entertainment.

Carnival of the Passions
Hypnotism
—AND—
Mesmerism.

J. Prescott ELDRIDGE,

Whose Marvelous Portrayal of the Passions, and Experiments in Mesmerism have elicited the highest Encomiums from the Press and Public, will present his Highly popular Entertainment as announced.

TICKETS 20 CENTS.

RESERVED SEATS, - 25 CTS.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, That we, Charles Baird, of the City of Wilmington and State of Delaware, and James C. McComb, of Brandywine Hundred, New Castle County and State of Delaware, have this day renewed and extended the partnership heretotore existing between us for the purpose of carrying on the trade and business of manufacturing and dealing in morocco and other leathers and all things thereunto belonging or appertaining, upon the terms hereinafter set forth.

The said partnership is tobe conducted and continued under the partnership name of Charles Baird & Company; the general object of the partnership is to carry on the trade and business of manufacturing and dealing in morocco and other leathers and all things thereunto belonging or appertaining.

The name and residence of the general partner is Charles Baird, of the City of Wilmington and State of Delaware, and the name and residence of the special partner is James C. McComb, of Brandywine Hundred, New Castle County and State of Delaware. The said James C. McComb, the special partner, contributes to the common stock of the said partnership the sum of Twehty Thousand Dollars.

The said partnership is to commence on the day of the date of these presents, and shall end on the Third day of February, A. D., 1899.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this Third day of February, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

CHARLES BAIRD, (Seal.)
JAMES C. MCCOMB, (Seal.)

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the presence of
LEWIS SASSE.

STATE OF DELAWARE, New Castle County, } ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this Third day of February, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, personally came before me, Lewis Sasse, a Justice of the Peace for New Castle County and State of Delaware, residing in the City of Wilmington, Charles Baird and James C. McComb, parties to the forego